

# The Cadiz Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME 27, NO 7.

CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1860.

TERMS—\$2.00

## ANDRAVI, —OR— THE IDIOT OF THE ALPS.

BY W. O. EATON.

Far up among the frozen heights of the Alps, their homeward pathway lit up by the declining sun, a band of hunters were making their perilous descent; now threading, with practiced step, the precipitous dingles which would have bewildered and appalled an unaccustomed traveler, and now leaping with precise and energetic bounds, enormous gorges which yearned between the mountainsides, and where one careless step might have sent them instantly to the deep down below. Yet familiar with these passes from boyhood, and with his eyes and limbs as expert as the chamois which they chased, with hardly a peasant made the echoes merry with their laughter; and even anon would their horns, till the music was reverberated from a thousand peaks, and piercing to the valley below, give pleasing signal to their expectant families that they were coming.

And thus in single file they proceeded, and just as they achieved a long and steep descent, a short of surprise from the foremost assembled his companions at his side, when they beheld, deeply imbedded in a huge snow drift, the dark figure of a richly dressed stranger—evidently not a native of those hills.

"He has fallen from some high place above us," exclaimed one, "the last of them, not less than two hundred feet; and if he is not lifeless, even from the swiftness of such a deep fall, it is a miracle."

Quietly venturing from their path across the snow, to the place where lay the body, two of the hunters knelt down, and after a brief examination, pronounced the man still alive, but insensible—the soft snow, upon which he had providentially fallen, having saved his body from being dashed to pieces.

"He has dug his own grave, but did not choose to die in it," said one of the hunters. "Let us see what a little eau de vie will do for him!" and withdrawing a flask from his breast, he applied it to the lips of the stranger, while others now rubbed his wrists and temples.

The man soon opened his eyes, and became strong enough to stand, but his glance was a vacant and unmeaning one. To all questions he simply muttered the word "Andravi," and pointed, with tremulous finger, to the dread height from which head fallen.

"He is either a mute, a lunatic, or simpleton," was the conclusion of his preservers. "Perchance the fall has unsettled his reason, and no wonder. But let us away, or we may need aid ourselves for the sun is down."

Lifting the stranger along over their irregular and still dangerous road, they left the spot, and ere long arrived at the nearest home among the mountains, where the stranger was provided with refreshments and a couch by the hospitable of the humble occupants; and the others separated to their respective dwellings.

Sleep and kind care soon restored Andravi, for such was his name, but whether his indelicacy of mind was natural, or the result of his fall, the shock and the fright—certain it was that but a few words could be elicited from him, and these were not coherent. His mind was wandering and incoherent, and he could not give any indication as to where his home was, or had been, and was now comparatively helpless; he was suffered to remain among those mountain homes, to do what he could learn to do, in return for the affection afforded him, and he soon became widely known among the mountaineers, by the unflinching sobriquet of "Le Fou, or the Idiot."

Yet Andravi was treated by all with a certain respect, growing out of the surmise that the rich dress in which he had been found indicated that he had been a person of some rank or riches in his country; and then misfortune, which unhappily, always appeals to the human sympathy. And more than all this, Andravi finally becoming familiar with the mountain paths and evincing the possession of remarkable strength, daring and agility, after having abided for a year in those lofty fastnesses of snow and ice, learned sufficiently to become a professional guide to travelers; and whenever any journey of that kind, requiring especial skill and fortitude was to be undertaken, he was sure to be entrusted to the sturdy frame and practice-distinct of the intrepid, though generally mute and otherwise idiotic Andravi.

His quietude, his usefulness in his adopted calling, and his childlike devotion to those who had been thus kind to him, made the idiot of the Alps universally regarded, and many a prayer went up, from rude but honest hearts, among those frozen regions, that the All Seeing Eye might watch over and protect, and some day restore him to reason and home.

But still for years he dwelt there, and none knew who he was or whence he came. Yet, as year after year rolled by, men learned to look upon him with a sort of awe, as one especially guarded by Providence; since he underwent such risks in the most furious Alpine storms, in the deepest darkness, reckless of the impending avalanches, the most icy and precipitous steps, the most impetuous torrents, or the most treacherous snows. His self reliance, his adventures, his escapes, like his looks and manner, seemed unnatural; and the Idiot of the Alps was the standing theme of many a thrilling tale of mountain life.

Once while guiding a small party of enthusiastic tourists through an almost inaccessible and seldom attempted region, while the travelers were facilitating themselves upon achieving such a height, and beholding its sublimities, a lady of the party, venturing near the dizzy brink of a stupendous glacier, dropped a costly necklace, which fell over the edge far into the icy and perpendicular chasm beneath. Her cry of regret was heard and understood by Andravi, who was instantly at her side, and despite the urgent remonstrances of all, he made signs that he would descend and recover the lost article; and fastening one end of a strong cord to a hunter's pole he bore, and which he buried firmly in the ice above, he rapidly descended the fearful gulf.

"The man is an idiot, and we are idiots to let him do this fool-hardy feat!" exclaimed one, as breathlessly they gazed upon their guide's descent. "Should his hands fall him, or the rope break, he would be lost, and we too; for we could neither advance nor retreat our way."

At that moment the sharp twang of the cord, and a cry of horror from above, announced that the line had indeed been parted; and with faces of dismay they beheld Andravi fall a few yards beyond the end of the dangling rope, the remaining portion still in his clutch! It was a sight of terror, but relieved in part by their holding him frantically grasp at a stunted tree which projected from a rock in his descent, and contrived to maintain his hold awhile, but this delay was brief; his gripe relaxed, and he fell again—into the snowy vale below.

From the height which his spectators were, and owing to the dazzling effect of the snow, it was impossible to judge of the distance between the tree and the spot upon which he had fallen; and they strained their despairing eyes after him, at the imminent peril of their own footing to watch if the too-faithful idiot should move again, or remain dead where he fell.

To their joy he arose at once, and without looking up, as though his misadventure were of common occurrence or of no particular importance, they saw him search the snow around him, for the necklace for which he had ventured so much. Soon they saw him stoop, and a faint ejaculation which ascended, intimated that he had found it.

But now the wonder was how he was to ascend again. No path was visible on any hand, and the rope was swinging high beyond the tree. Clasp the chain around his own neck, and drawing a knife from his belt, Andravi began to ascend the ragged wall, with the aid of the weapon—cutting, as he ascended, step by step, here and there, in the ice or earthy crevice, a temporary hold for hand or foot, until, by painfully protracted efforts, which exhibited iron endurance as well as a dauntless heart, he had elevated himself high enough to admit of tying the broken end of the rope around his waist, and from that perilous position, between heaven and earth, he was now cautiously drawn up, by the overjoyed and amazed party above.

Long were the praises and congratulations which greeted the Idiot, as he stood once more in safety among them, and as he flung himself upon the rock to rest awhile, and holding out the necklace with a grim smile; its fair owner refused to receive it.

"No, keep it as a trophy of your heroism, brave fellow!" he cried. "It is valuable; but a poor return for the hazard and labor you underwent, and the wonderful courage you have shown."

Guiding the travelers safely to their next point of destination, and receiving other substantial tokens of their admiration, Andravi returned home, where the fame of the exploit soon followed him—an illustration of many similar acts which, during the ten years of his adventurous life among the Alps, made the Idiot's name illustrious among the mountaineers, and himself an object of curiosity to travelers.

Yet, arrived from all climes people of many ranks, none ever came who seemed to know anything of his previous history or who could satisfactorily solve the mystery which hung about him.

To all, he was the same quiet, listless, untelligible creature, a glib, but generally mute and incoherent—save in his acts, as an Alpine pioneer, and towards the humble inhabitants of the district where he had been found, and where he continued to dwell.

The rewards he received from travelers, he distributed, as it by instinctive gratitude, to the neighbors who treated him so kindly; clinging to them and to that mountain region with a majestic attachment which bound them to him the more, and made him seem a sort of spirit of despot, by whose side no peril could befall.

Sometimes with a scanty supply of food, he would be absent for days together, and when tracked and found by his footprints in the snow he would be heard mumbling to himself, or absorbed in contemplation of some lofty mountain peak, as if he expected the same one.

But this mode of life was very soon to have an end.

As wild a storm as ever heaped an avalanche, filled a desolate valley, or buried a blind traveler, burst upon the mountains, and whirled and whistled through their dismal gorges in frightful fury, and bewildering turmoil. An Andravi went forth, for such times he seemed to love.

Beneath a snowy cliff, from whose ever hoary sides a series of many mountain paths was visible—night having not yet having added to the terror of the tempest—Andravi took his stand; and he waited long before he saw a muffled traveler approaching, toiling through the snow toward him.

The Idiot remained motionless and mute, and the stranger stared at the statue-like form as he advanced, and announced that he had lost his way.

"Guide me if you can, man. I'm wealthy and will reward you amply. You seem to doubt; but the name of Andravi Loretto carries belief with it in his own country. Why do you stare so? Speak to me!"

A frantic, and a tiger-like leap upon the stranger, were the answer of Andravi, who bore the stranger fiercely to the earth, while his cry was echoed from every hill around.

But if the Idiot was agile, the stranger was no less so; and though taken by surprise, as he fell he drew a pistol, and instantly discharged it at the head of the wild looking assailant. The ball whistled harmlessly by, and the superior weapon of the Idiot's grasp, was employed to as deadly a purpose. The stranger felt that he was being dragged to the edge of the precipice.

The desperation of intense fear lent him strength to resist, but in vain for his own preservation. Slowly the struggling twain neared the horrid brink, till they stood upon its direct verge, when, despairing of future attempts to save himself, Andravi Loretto fastened with vice-like grip, upon the belt of his adversary,

whose last reckless effort precipitated both into the dreaded gulf together!

But they were not yet to die. A shelf intervened, at a short distance, between them and the utmost chasm, and here bruised but not stunned the struggle was continued.

"Who are you? Rudian!—robber—you need not murder me. I will give you all I have. But release me here," was the hoarse expostulation of Loretto, as soon as he could speak.

But the iron knee of the Idiot was upon his panting chest, and the fall on the occasion has wrought a magic change upon his reason, if not his purpose. That reason had returned, as unclouded as ever, and now while retaining the advantage he had acquired, he looked into the face of his prostrate foe, and spoke to him in tones fearful, but well remembered.

"Adrian Loretto, behold in me the friend you sought to murder. This is I, Adria Andravi Ay, shrink murderous traitor, from this your death-hour, and the tomb is impatient to receive you. What had I done, O falsest of friends, that you should hurl me from the mountain pass, even as you hurl your foe? What from me, but what kindness, had you ever received, but what wealth and fair equality of companionship—exactlying you, as I did, from poverty and friendlessness? O viper! how I treated you, how I trusted you to find, on that journey you meant it indeed to be our last. What, what act was yours, knowing yourself my heir, no kinder friend to disfigure my kindness, you hurried me, as you thought, into the cold abyss to death? 'Till now, it has seemed a dream—both what you did, and what God has done for me. A weight since then has been on my brain. A spell has bound me to these regions. The memory of all that went before was lost to me, and set my reason free. Strive not—slave, traitor, or child, your efforts are in vain. Die! Thus I fling you to the death you designed for me!

Even as he spoke, and while the first words of a half-formed prayer were upon the lips of struggling Loretto, Andravi loosened his victim's hold with a giant blow, and then cast him to the white eternity below!

The sharp scream of the fallen man ascended to the ears of his destroyer some seconds before the body fell upon the icy rocks a hundred fathoms down. The dull sound reached Andravi's hearing, and self-avenged, his reason restored, like one awakened from a long dream, he turned away, and was soon at his mountain home again.

Those who are familiar with the phenomena of insanity in its innumerable phases, pronounce that the causes and cares of the minds disordered are often wonderful and unaccountable; nor, to such judges, will this sudden imbecility, and its sudden disappearance, as narrated, seem improbable in nature—conversant as they are with far more remarkable cases, to be found in the melancholy histories of the insane. An avenging Providence might have implanted a mystic instinct in the mind of the Idiot, to bind to those cheerless regions till the hour of retribution, or the simple gratitude of his reason might have detained him among the preservers to become the restoration and revenge.

Whatever the causes, Andravi soon amazed his Alpine neighbors with his true history; and their verdict upon the justice of his tragic deed was mingled with regret—the regret of parting with him.

The parting soon took place, through not for ever; for having regained possession of the ample estates which he made the false friend the heir. Andravi often visited the mountain scenes of his madness, his exploits, and his revenge, and he did much for the lasting comforts of the friends of that period of his life. And to this day are remembered in admiring tradition the brave deeds and benefactions of the Idiot of the Alps.

**Horrible Murder—A Woman Kills Her Husband.**

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Times furnishes the details of one of those hurried crimes that we have been called on to mention:

"The murdered man and the murderer were husband and wife, and had maintained that relation to each other for a period of upward of fifty years. They resided on a small farm, which they owned in De Kalb county."

Mrs. Knapp informed her son "Jakey," of her intention to kill the old man, and requested "Jakey" to hold the old man's hands while she would choke him to death. "Jakey" refused. So she said no more about the matter until next morning, when she pursued Knapp, under some pretence, to enter the milk house, and as he was in the act of stepping out of the building, she struck him on the back of the head with a heavy club. She then seized the axe which she had ready, and struck him on the forehead, fracturing his skull. She then dragged him to the well and threw him in, and as he went down he grasped the top of the gun, which grasp she forced him to release by striking him upon the hands with the end of a heavy board, he then sunk to the bottom of the well. The woman then threw into the well several pieces of wood to cover the body then concealed the marks of blood upon her dress, and sent "Jakey" away. She was arrested, tried and sent to the penitentiary for life."

**A Thrilling Journey into a Chasm.**

Chapter I.—She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of orange buds upon her head; upon her back the richest kind of duds; her love stood beside her, with white kids and dickerie clean; the last was twenty-one years old, the first was seventeen. The parson's job was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced and laughed and cried. The last kiss had been given, and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had shimmered down, and the last guest had fled.

Chapter II.—Stood beside the wash tub, with her red hands in the suds, and at her slip shod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood beside her—the youngest man alive—the last was twenty-nine years old, and the first was twenty-five. The heavy wash was over, and the clothes hung up to dry—and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked, and supper made on a crust of bread; and the bride and the bridegroom went grumbling off to bed.

## Finding a Husband in a Mud Puddle.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said, one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.

"Yes," said I. "It is such a fine day."

"But he'll throw you!" said my uncle.

"Throw me!" and I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say my dear uncle," I continued, coaxingly; "there is no fear, and I am dying for a canter."

"You'll die on a canter," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times—twice by myself, and once by Joe."

"But you have often said I was a better rider than Joe," Joe was the stable boy. "That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him.

I knew by experience that when I did this I carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort to deny me. "Why not take Dobbin?" said he.

"Dobbin!" I cried: "old snail paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this! One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once."

"Well well," said he, "if I must, I must—You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your own way. I wish you'd get a husband, you mix! You're growing beyond my control."

"Humph!—a husband. Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look for one to day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his snail belied his words. You're as short as a pig-crut if you can't have your own way. "There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house a-fire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door—a gay, mettlesome colt, that laid his ears back as I mounted, and gave me a vicious look that I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late yet to give it up."

I was piqued. "I never gave up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"

"No," said I. "I'll ride down to the poor house and ask old Tony, the octogenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Polly Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this my eyes twinkled mischievously; for uncle was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women and had an especial aversion to Polly Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven because years ago she had plotted to entrap into matrimony. Before he could reply I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin, we are told, went fast, but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had its own way. It was not long before the colt had its own way. It was not long before the colt had its own way. It was not long before the colt had its own way.

A fine chance I have of finding a husband in this condition, I said to myself, recalling my wish with my uncle. "If I could find some mud dreg now and pass myself off as a mud nymph I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you, miss?" suddenly said a rich, manly voice.

I looked up, and saw a young man, the sweet pressed mien of whose bright eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me for an instant ashamed and angry. But on glancing again on my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell in order to break the fall.

The young man as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking the top rail he placed it across the puddle; then, putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous mud to hide my blushing face and scrape the mud from my riding skirt.

"Pray let me see you home," he said. "If you will mount again I'll lead the colt, and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."

I could not answer for shame, but when in the saddle murmured something about "not troubling him."

It is no trouble, not the least," he replied, standing tall in hand like a kingly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle; "and I can't let you go alone for the colt is as vicious as he can be to day. Look at his ears, and his red eyes! I saw coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened if he had not wheeled and stopped, like a trick horse in a circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids at the speaker, and saw he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields overlooking the meadow; but as we entered the gate I saw him sitting, provocatively, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground he came out, his eyes brimful of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, said, "My uncle, sir; won't you walk in?" and then rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I had dressed there was a knock at my door—my uncle's knock; I could not but open. He was laugh-

ing a low, silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said. "I began to despair of you so long and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said with a malicious whisper. "You have my consent for I like you very well; only you would have thought of finding him in a mud puddle!"

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face my escort than to run the gauntlet of my uncle's wit, and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton—for such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest, turned out to be in earnest, for in less than six months I became Mrs. Templeton. How it came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parson transformed, my light blue muslin floating about me so like a cloud-wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, and my curls playing hide and seek about my face, that not expecting such an apparition he lost his heart at once. He adds,—for he knows as well how to compliment as well as ever—that my gay, intelligent talk so different from the demure talk he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor, had been abroad for three years, and before that he had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once, and insisted on his staying until I came down though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after he had enquired about my health. My uncle as one of these will not put off, and so Harry remained,—"the luckiest thing," he ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me, and we are happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him at last that I would consent, "only to keep Polly Wilkes from cooking his dinner," to which he answered, looking at Harry, "you see what a spirit it is; and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to find a husband."

**A First-Rate Leap Year Story.**

It is a well known fact that the ladies are allowed by the conventional rules of society and common consent, to take the lead of the men every leap year, and if they feel disposed to go so far as to tip the question without being considered rude or forward. Although the right and privilege are conceded to the ladies, we seldom here of their taking advantage of it. However, one case in which the lady did avail herself of the privilege of leap year, occurred in this city on New Year's day.

We will relate the particulars, but will not give the real names; for the reason the parties might not relish the idea of having the privacy of their domestic affairs brought before the public.

There is a certain fashionable boarding house in this city, which will locate it on Thirty third street, where a very pretty young widow was boarding. This lady we will call widow Cheery, who has a fortune of some \$30,000, left her by her deceased husband, and no children. Three young clerks, (we will name them Smith, Brown and Jones,) called upon the lady on New Year's day. The widow Cheery was in her room and saw the young gentlemen approaching. She immediately dressed herself up in her bridal array, called the landlady and inquired the names of the young gentlemen. The landlady informed her, when she remarked, pensively:

"I intend to have one of those young men for a husband."

The landlady smiled incredulously, and then went to the parlor to receive her visitors. The widow followed immediately, and without waiting for an introduction, approached Smith and said:

"Will you consent to become my husband?" The young man blushed, and was very much confused at hearing the question from a lady he had never before seen, but he finally succeeded in stammering out:

## Cleveland Manufactures.

BALDWIN, DEWITT & CO.'S AGRICULTURAL WORKS. We were delighted at a visit paid lately to the immense establishment of Baldwin, Dewitt & Co., on West street, near Marwin, known as the "Cleveland Agriculture Works."

The establishment is one of the largest and most complete in the country, and independent of the wealth it adds to our City, and of the bread it furnishes to the families of the employees, we could not but congratulate our farmers that such a giant concern was in constant operation for the purpose of relieving tillers of the soil from their excessive manual labor.

The building is, we think, the largest in our City devoted to one purpose, and we are not certain but that it is the largest in the West. This huge brick pile is alive with human and mechanical industry. Most of the work is done by machinery and this is perfect of its kind, and of course turns out equally perfect workmanship.

**WHAT THEY MAKE.**

Baldwin, Dewitt & Co. are manufacturing almost every variety of agricultural implements and machines, and have on hand, in their immense store house, a large mass of finished work ready for the opening market of the season. Daily they are turning out various kinds of Reapers, Mowers and Combined Machines, Horse Powers of many varieties, Wood Sawing Machines, Grain Drills, Straw and Stalk Cutters, Corn Shellers, Churns, &c., and an endless variety of Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, &c. All these are exquisitely finished, and each one is fit to stand as a model in the Patent Office, or as a premium specimen at the State Fair.

**THE MANNY REAPER AND MOWER.**

It is particular we were interested in the famous Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, which we believe was the original combined machine. Single Reapers and Single Mowers, were in use but the combination of the two was not acquired until this one made its appearance; and the Manny Machine has maintained its high position while many attempts to reach a like success have failed.

**THE CLEVELAND IRON MOWER.**

This establishment also makes the Cleveland Iron Mower, with Fisher's Patent, and this certainly is as complete specimen of manufacturing skill as ever was exhibited. Such a Mower will make the meadow a field of pleasure rather than one of toil, and such machinery should tempt thousands now idling in our cities to seek the fields. These Mowers have lately received improvements which add to their utility and value, and they are constructed with great strength and durability.

**THE HUSBAND MACHINE.**

We also saw, and for the first time, the recently invented Hubbard Machine, and took it to have two wheels, in which farmers and their wives go to mill or meeting, but a little examination, and a little jollicious information it our elbow, convinced us that the article was a Harvesting Machine; it is simple in construction, perfect in all its parts, and beautiful in finish. The establishment have orders already for almost as many of these machines as they can get up this season, thus has this Harvesting secured the favor and approbation of agriculturists.

**WOOD'S IMPROVED MOWER.**

The proprietors of these works have also secured the right of sale of Wood's Improved Mower, and it to be the lightest machine made, and which is offered at only eight dollars. This machine in quality and price is a remarkable one.

**YOUNGLOVE'S STAR GRAIN DRILL.**

This machine in particular attracts attention on account of its beauty of finish, strength, and lightness. This machine has already dried its way into the regard of the farmers, and has become an indispensable farming machine. We might enlarge upon the use of the drill and point to our exchanges for the evidence in favor of using a drill, by the testimony such exchanges universally furnish as to the superior spring condition of the wheat fields where the drill was used over those where it was not used. But we will not question the intelligence of farmers by arguing the advantages of the use of the drill. This Star Drill does great credit to its inventor, M. C. Younglove, of this city, and shows him to be a gentleman of genius, and a practical kind of genius, of which our city should be proud.

**HORSE POWERS, STRAW CUTTERS, &c.**

Emery's Endless Chain Horse Power and Baldwin, Dewitt & Co.'s Sweet Power, with improved machinery for sawing wood, thrashing and other purposes, reduce the severe labors of the barn floor and wood yard to mere pastime.

Gumming's Straw and Stalk Cutter is a machine that will pay for itself every winter month in the economy of the barn yard, and every farmer and stock grower should have one.

But we can specify no farther, for the endless variety of Plows, Harvesters, Cultivators, Field Rollers, Scrapers, Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters, Churns, &c., fairly weary the eye and prove to a variety that man hath sought out many inventions, even if he has not, in his nascent, venture to defy the primal edict that "in the sweat of the face shalt thou eat bread;" by devising labor saving machines that turn toil into pleasure.

**PERSONAL.**

Mr. DeWitt is the Superintendent of this immense Manufacturing giving his constant unremitted attention to the manufacturing department; a position his acknowledged mechanical skill peculiarly qualifies him for.

Mr. A. E. Massey has charge the Books and in this important position, discharges his responsible duties as a young man should who intends to be a useful, honest, and diligent man.

Our good natured friend, Wick, presides at the Counting Room, and in the discharge of his varied round of duties is true as the machinery he tends. His laughing face bids welcome to every one that calls; he is also a kind of "sum-mary" in the concern, superintending the several hundred agents in every section of the country, which is no small labor, and beside this:

attending to the heavy correspondence all which keep him "bubbling round."

With such men as Dudley Baldwin, M. C. Younglove and their associates, who comprise these Agricultural works there can be nothing in advance but success, the location is a distributing point for the west and south-west has no equal in the Lake region, and demand for agricultural implements increases as the breadth of tilled land expands and agriculture reduces itself to a science. We wish there were a score of establishments in this city employing the ment and capital this concern does, for such a manufactory contributes more to the material prosperity of a city than can be estimated by dollars and cents, and if all our citizens who have money and credit would pride themselves only on the number of hands to which they give employment, and the number of mouths they feed we would have no drones and none asking for employment.

**A Disgraceful Elopement.**

The Adams county, Wisconsin, Independent, occupies two columns in the detail of an immitable case of adultery and elopement at Cascade, in that county, the substance of which is as follows:

Dr. L. B. Garrison, formerly of Milton, Rock county, Wisconsin, about six years ago settled at Cascade, where he sustained a reputation of no reliable character. For several years he has had an improper intimacy with a Mrs. Cuppernell, the wife of a highly esteemed and intelligent young man in charge of Baker & Niles' mills at Cascade, who is described as a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and personal beauty.

A few weeks since Garrison and his family left Cascade, under pretense of going East. A few days after he left, Mrs. Cuppernell took her child, a bright girl of two years, under a pretense of visiting friends in Quincy, Garrison sent his wife and family forward from Milwaukee, and was joined by Mrs. Cuppernell, and together they went to Blairsville, Posey county, Indiana, and purchased a farm, where they had just lately established as man and wife, when they were discovered by Chicago detectives, under the inspiration of the outraged husband. They were arrested and taken back to Adams county. Cuppernell attempted to kill him, and shot him, putting a ball into his neck, when the pistol was wrested from him. He then drew a knife, but was prevented from using it.

The infamous doctor has been bound over in five hundred dollars to appear for trial, and is in danger of being dealt summarily with by a mob. Mrs. Cuppernell, the poor, deluded victim of his wiles, has returned to the Cuppernell house, where she remains in company with her father. Her husband has received from her a confession of her criminal conduct, dating back for three years, and a full account of the acts and wiles used by the doctor to obtain control of her.

**Snake Story—Tellers all Stand Back.**

Marietta (Ohio) Republican, of the 25th, relates this story. If we had not seen it, originally, in that paper, we should have asked for the documents:

James Lankford, of Peering Township, while harrowing a few days ago, stopped his team under a shade-tree to repair something which was out of order. While at work he felt a strange sensation come over him, like delirium, and soon something struck him on the